

The Bamberg Herald

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BAMBERG, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909.

One Dollar a Year

COUNTRY NEWS LETTERS

SOME INTERESTING HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS SECTIONS.

News Items Gathered All Around the County and Elsewhere.

Ehrhardt Etchings.
Ehrhardt, Dec. 27.—Last week has been very quiet. The wind and rain seemed to put a damper upon the Xmas pleasures and to-day some parties went out to shoot doves and the like. Think they will get colder than they expect, and I know they will get less birds than they expect.

Several of our merchants hardly know how to start off business for 1910.

Some cotton in this part of the county to pick.

Xmas trees have been plentiful. Have heard of several, and hope that Santa has made glad the hearts of all the little ones.

Stock taking is in order now, and I hope the profits will show more advancement than I expect.

Mrs. Anna Dora Ehrhardt died on the 25th of December, 1909, after a long spell of sickness. She was 79 years, 1 month and 14 days old when she died. She leaves sons, daughters and grand children, also a sister and brother to mourn her death. She will be missed among her friends and relatives. She was placed beside her husband, Conrad Ehrhardt, in the Ehrhardt Cemetery, on yesterday morning about noon.

Messrs. Harry Copeland, Herbert, and Bennie Ehrhardt, who have been attending Newberry College, came home on the night of the 24th to spend Christmas with their parents. The boys look well and seem to be working for an education. They will go back to work on the 4th of January, 1910.

Miss Hattie Groseclose spent the Xmas times with her parents.

Miss Louise Westerlund is with her sister, Mrs. Addie Hartz. JEE.

Fairfax Fancies.

Fairfax, December 28.—We were not very much surprised Xmas week when Mr. Martin Lightsey arrived from Johnston with his lovely bride, who was Miss Etta Copeland. The latter had been teaching at Johnston, and as soon as her school closed for the Xmas holidays they were married by her former pastor, Rev. P. E. Munroe. Both of these young people are claimed as Fairfaxans, as the bride taught here for several years, and the groom is the popular book-keeper of the F. M. Young Co. They are boarding now with Mrs. Mary Youmans, but in a few weeks expect to keep house in their own snug cottage. We wish for them unclouded skies, with all the joy that can come to mortals here below as they journey through a life full of vicissitudes.

Mr. Geo. D. Sanders has gone to Florida to see after his plantation at Orange Lake. Mr. Sam Boynton, who has lived there for many years, will return to Ulmer to live. Mr. Sanders expects to visit Cuba before he returns to Fairfax.

Mrs. Emma Boynton, Mr. Gordon Boynton, Dr. Steve Hickson, and Mr. E. L. Sanders were guests of Mrs. Sallie L. Sanders last week.

Rev. Mr. Barber, of Florida, spent several days with his nephew, Mr. G. W. Barber. He is a popular Baptist minister, and is spoken of as a probable successor to Rev. Chas. Turner, who will leave here soon for a new field of labor. Mr. Turner preached his last sermon here Sunday afternoon. He is much beloved here. Rev. Barber preached at the Baptist church in the morning and in the Methodist church at night, and all enjoyed his sermons.

There were many pleasant reunions here Xmas. All of Mr. G. S. O'Neal's family were together. Misses Olive and Carrie were at teaching. Mr. Elliot and Mr. Simms were in business, one in Florida, the other on the railroad.

Mrs. Sallie Jenkins and Miss Minnie Jenkins are recovering from pneumonia, while Mrs. Sallie Sanders's bruises from a fall are better.

At the school Xmas tree two beautiful books were presented by Mrs. S. L. Sanders as history prizes and were won by J. B. O'Neal and Lylette Wilson.

Mrs. G. W. Barber is spending Xmas with her parents at Kline and there expects to meet her brother, Dr. Nat. Hickson, of Thomasville, Ga., and his wife, from whom she has been separated for many years.

Mr. S. B. Talley took a few days holiday from the bank, and we supposed joined his wife in Laurens.

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying clouds the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out wild bells, and let him die—
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow,
The year is going—let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

The first quarterly conference for the Bamberg Methodist churches will be held next Monday morning. Rev. Chas. B. Smith, presiding elder, will preach at Trinity next Sunday evening.

ENTERTAINMENT AT KEARSE.

Young Folks Arrange a Most Pleasant Evening.

Kearse, Dec. 24.—Last evening was a most happy one for the old who for weeks have been pent up with cares and rheumatism, wondering if joy should come again. Only a few short days ago it was announced that an entertainment would be given at White Point school. Soon all was anticipation of a well spent evening, for young and old alike, for our young folks have the happy knack of making a success of these events and the one given last evening was up to the full standard. Both teacher and scholars alike deserve the thanks of all for their very fine acting, bringing peals of laughter, happy faces, and sparkling eyes to all.

Ellen Key says life is learning, suffering, loving, and the greatest of these is loving. And after long years of observation must agree with her in to-to. It was an inspiration to this old scribe to see the good feeling so plainly shown in this school. It does one good to be thrown in their midst. It was gotten up to raise funds to enlarge the school library, which has many nice volumes now. Our teacher realizes the fact that an education out of text books alone is a poor education at best, and to old eyes, the heart, hands and head all must come in before it is complete, with the eye thrown in to make clear the way where the feet should go. But enough of this. Now the program:

"Joy to the World," a song by the school well sung enough to make gladness in the saddest heart.

"Daddy Darvin's Xmas," in three parts. Daddy Darvin, old and alone; some mischievous boys find his stocking, fill it with all kinds of fruit, tobacco, snuff, pepper, rocks, pipe and matches and leave his home in a sad state, are taught by some young ladies who feel sorry for the old man and try to put things to rights but have a difficult task, the snuff making them sneeze and the pepper in their eyes, while the old man returns, the bad boys brought back for trial, during which his long lost and only son, comes in to the confusion of the boys and joy of the old man. A joyous Xmas eve to them.

"Guess What's in my Pocket," a poem rendered in so artless a manner as to captivate all; no one guessed correctly, for it proved to be a hole.

"The Fairy Play," one of the prettiest pieces of the evening. Little girls bedecked in white and gold with golden wands, who report to old Santa of the good and bad boys and girls; how he smiles when a good report is given him, but becomes disgusted when so many bad ones are received.

"Jolly Old Santa Claus," song, joined in by whole school and applauded loudly by audience.

"An Eclipse of the Sun" came next. A lone boy with his face and head covered by a hat of huge proportions was this scene. That hat certainly did eclipse the sun.

"The Stocking Drill," all boys in this and stockings striped and black, blue, white, all kinds, were in this on legs, arms, heads; stockings, stockings everywhere. Fine time was kept as march was softly played.

"A Visit from St. Nicholas," recitation, admirably spoken by a little girl arrayed in pure white, a pretty scene.

"Waiting for Santa," how long seems he wait, but he comes at last and brings joy and gladness to many a little boy and girl.

The last but not least, "Train for Mauro." Scene begins with agent busy writing at his desk, in comes an elderly lady much given to talk, with her son John, who wants to know when the train leaves for Tomorrow, who is in haste to go to the side of cousin's niece, and wife of her aunt's cousin's niece, and wife of her friend's father's uncle's cousin, who had sent in haste for her to come and nurse her though she was so professional, but had roots, herbs, salves, poultices, in fact a regular walking drug store, who, to the great disgust of the agent, wanted him to try some of all for every ache and pain known, he protesting all the while that he was in perfect health, and very busy. Here John gets hungry, wanting ginger cakes; she finds everything else but cake. The train is announced, she hurriedly picks up things in haste, misses her basket, scatters them all over the floor, lustily calling for help, picks up empty basket, two valises, and in her hurry stumbles and falls flat on the floor, with goods well scattered; down goes the curtain and the laughter and plaudits of the house.

Merry Xmas and a happy new year to all. OLD TIMER.

Edwards May be Re-spited.

Columbia, December 28.—Solicitor Eidebrand was here to-day to confer with Governor Ansel about the James Edwards case, and it developed that quite an interesting state of affairs exists in regard to this case. Edwards, who was to have been hanged next Friday, may escape the penalty of death at that time, because of legal complications.

The matter has been referred to Judge Ernest Gary, the trial judge. The claim of the attorneys for the condemned man is that he was put on trial before he was prepared. The perfecting of the appeal stays the hanging until the roster of the first circuit is called in the Supreme Court. James Edwards, who is a negro, living near Monck's Corner, killed his wife in a drunken rage, according to the testimony adduced at the trial. After the trial at which Edwards was found guilty of murder, there were legal complications ending with the present state of affairs.

IN THE PALMETTO STATE

SOME OCCURRENCES OF VARIOUS KINDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

State News Boiled Down for Quick Reading—Paragraphs About Men and Happenings.

The State Teachers' Association will meet in Columbia to-day and tomorrow.

Mr. Tom B. Clinkscales, a prominent citizen of Abbeville county, was accidentally killed last Thursday afternoon while out squirrel hunting. He was accompanied by his little daughter, and his gun in some way was caught in some briars and was discharged, killing him instantly. He was about fifty years old.

DOMESTIC TRAGEDY AT MACON.

Mrs. Exum, Shot by Son-in-Law, Dies from the Wound.

Macon, Ga., December 28.—Mrs. Martha Exum, who was shot by her son in law, Edward B. Alford, last night, died to-day, the bullet, which entered the neck, resulting in complete paralysis of the body. This is the second death resulting from injuries inflicted by Alford, his wife having been shot and almost instantly killed at the time he shot Mrs. Exum and himself. Doctors to-night gave out the statement that Alford cannot live throughout the night. The deputy sheriff who has guarded him since he went to the hospital, was relieved from duty this afternoon, the surgeons stating that death would bar the law from its course.

Pinson in the Penitentiary.

Laurens, Dec. 28.—According to a letter received by his counsel here, Mr. Wade Cothran Pinson, the young white man who was on March 12 convicted of manslaughter in the Criminal Court of Laurens county, is now in the State penitentiary. Why he is there is not known.

It will be recalled that Pinson shot and killed his young friend, Thornwell Boyce, near Cross Hill, on the night of November 6th of last year; and that in the trial before Judge Prince, on March 12, he was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to a term of two years in the State penitentiary. His counsel, Messrs. Cannon & Blackwell, and Ferguson & Featherstone, gave notice of an appeal to be filed with the Supreme Court. Pending this appeal Pinson has been at liberty on a bond of \$1,000, signed by his father, Mr. Enoch B. Pinson. The appeal was perfected and filed in due order, and it was expected to come up before the Supreme Court in March.

No one here seems to know why Pinson has gone to the penitentiary; some suppose that it was a sudden impulse. His counsel knew nothing of any intention on the part of their client to abandon his appeal.

While he is at the penitentiary, Mr. Pinson is not a prisoner, for the necessary papers committing him there have not been prepared. It is expected that Mr. E. P. Pinson, father of the young man, will be in the city to-morrow and will confer with the attorneys in the case. What the outcome will be is impossible to state at present.

CORSET STEEL BAFFLED HIM.

Assassin's Bullet Struck Stays and Did No Harm.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—A corset steel probably saved the life of Miss Ethel Eitelhuber, when a shot was fired through a bed room window in her home last evening in an attempt to kill her.

The shades were drawn, but as Miss Eitelhuber was standing near the window, her shadow on the curtain gave the would-be murderer his mark. When the bullet struck her she ran into the kitchen, where the other members of the family were seated, crying: "I am shot; I am shot!" The bullet went through her dress, but when it struck the corset it glanced off.

Dies as a Result of Burns.

Charleston, Dec. 26.—Legare, the 3-year-old son of Postmaster Wilmot L. Harris, died to-day from the results of burns received at the Christmas tree celebration at home last night. The little fellow was playing with a sparkler which was said to be safe when his clothing ignited and before the flames could be smothered, Legare was burned so badly that medical skill could not avail and death came to his relief at an early hour this morning. The little fellow was named for Congressman Legare, a close friend of his father. The child was the pride of the home and neighborhood, and the sad accident is much deplored.

The joy of resisting temptation is the highest joy men can feel. It is a moment when our little life here grows larger, and we feel ourselves lifted into a wider sphere; we have a sense of fellowship with highest beings, and are somehow conscious of their sympathy. All God's creation smiles upon us and appears made for our joy.—A. B. Davidson.

COLLETON MAN SLAIN.

Edward Evans Fatally Shot at a Dance by Willie Zeigler.

Walterboro, December 27.—A fatal shooting scrape occurred Saturday night, near Stokes, a station six miles above Walterboro, in which Edward Evans was shot to death by Willie Zeigler. A party was given at Paul Herndon's, to which several of the young people of the neighborhood were invited. Barney Evans was the banjo player, and was so intoxicated, it is said, that he fell on the floor. He was picked up by several of the boys and taken out on the piazza. His uncle, Edward Evans, went out to intercede for Barney, as he wished him to play the banjo some more.

The following is an account of the shooting as told Dr. Riddick Ackerman, physician, who attended the wounded man as a dying statement: "Cleveland Hiers and Willie Zeigler were taking Barney Evans out of the room, and I went out to get them to turn him loose. When I got out on the piazza I asked them to turn Barney loose, so that he could come back and play the banjo. Zeigler turned Evans loose and shot me. I then drew my razor to defend myself, and Zeigler shot me again. I did not know what happened after that." The wounded man lived about two hours after he was shot. He was about 50 years of age. Zeigler is a young man, and is a guard on the county chain gang. He has not yet been apprehended, but the sheriff has assurances that he will surrender tonight. The inquest will be concluded to-morrow.

Bad Business.

America is, above everything else, a business nation. Especially during the last quarter of a century the business development has exceeded the wildest dreams of the most sanguine financiers. We are proud of the reputation we have achieved. We extol our captains of industry; we exult in our wonderful mechanical devices, in our superior methods of transportation, in our enormous factories; we reward with fame and fortune the mind that is capable of outlining a new scheme to add to our prosperity. We have a commercial output of which we talk much; we rejoice in our unexplored resources. We, as a nation, have developed from the land enormous wealth; we are the richest nation in the world. All this sounds like good business.

Yet it is not money which makes the heart of a nation. It is life—the sturdy, rugged manhood of her citizens. And life is the cheapest commodity in America!

We crush it in the thoroughfares; we annihilate it in railroad wrecks; we grind it down to a worthless existence in the deadly monotony of ill-paid labor. We starve it without compunction—unless a particular example happens to shock our sensibilities; we expose it to infectious and loathsome diseases. We buy it at a dollar a day and reserve the right to abuse it after purchase. We cage it in foul places; we expose it to extremes of weather; we drive it to its utmost endurance until, enfeebled, it is but a shadow of its real self.

This is poor business—mighty poor business.

What might the power of America be, think you—if to-day life should receive its rights, eighty millions of well creatures made in the image of their Creator, free from disease, free from fear, daring to let the God-spark within them develop into its full maturity?

The business of a nation is the making of men. It has no other. No industry no masterpiece, no amount of wealth is worth one iota unless it makes for the benefit of all mankind.

We have gone far in the path of commercial progress; we can well afford to take time to catch up in another. A badly balanced business is a bad business, and when dollars and cents weigh more than human life, there is something wrong with the balance.

Not until the health of her people are of equal concern with the interests of industry and commerce can America deserve a reputation as a business nation.

The Bishop's Choice.

A celebrated Anglican divine the late Bishop of Rochester, who had been ailing for some time, decided to consult Sir Frederick Treves, the noted surgeon. After a careful examination Sir Frederick pronounced his verdict, and added: "Your lordship must go to Algiers or some winter resort on the Riviera."

"Impossible," replied the Bishop, "I have too much work to get through."

"Well," said the doctor, "you must make your choice. It is either Algiers or Heaven."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Bishop, with a sigh. "Then I suppose it must be Algiers."

COCAINE CRAZED "COON."

ASSAULTED TWO POLICEMEN AND WAS SHOT TWICE.

Pink Jones, a Spartanburg Negro, Runs Into Trouble With Police. Policeman Accidentally Shot.

Spartanburg, Dec. 23.—Crazed by cocaine, Pink Jones, colored, assaulted two policemen who attempted to arrest him last night and was subdued only after he had been shot twice. Patrolman Robert Waters accidentally shot himself in the left hand twice in attempting to make the arrest.

Shortly after 9 o'clock Jones was seen committing a nuisance on Magnolia street near the Southern depot by Patrolman Waters, who attempted to arrest him. The negro turned away and started to enter a restaurant when the officer caught him from the back. Infuriated, the negro drew a pistol from his hip pocket but it dropped from his hand before he could level it. The officer stopped to pick up the pistol and the negro sprang on him. A scuffle ensued but in a few minutes Patrolman Waters held the negro at arm's length and with his right hand drew his pistol and fired several times in quick succession. One bullet entered the negro's shoulder, inflicting a severe wound, and two others shattered the officer's thumb and middle fingers.

Jones broke loose and ran to a negro's house a mile away, where he was found stretched out on the floor, his wound bleeding profusely, half an hour later. Taken in tow by Lieut. Nolen, he made no resistance until near the police station, when without warning he struck the officer in the face. Lieut. Nolen fired on him the bullet taking effect in the thigh, after which he became submissive and was carried on to the police station without further resistance.

Jones to-day is suffering from two painful wounds, in the shoulder and thigh, but it is not believed that they will prove fatal. The ball causing the former was located with an X-ray and removed this morning. The middle finger of Patrolman Waters was amputated last night.

Which is First? Men or Money?

The man who at this juncture of materialism run riot dares to raise his voice for the cultivation of the qualities and faculties that make for the enjoyment and enrichment of sentiment, thought and imagination, is called a crank, a reactionary, a "moss back." As a distinguished United States senator said during the late tariff debate, "The two dominating questions of the day are, 'What shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed?'" God and nature, the whole inner story of human growth, stamp man as preeminently an intellectual, spiritual being whom truest richest life is conditional upon the exercise of soul faculties and contact with his fellows in an atmosphere rich in mind, heart, and soul life. Modern arms and methods seem destined to pervert him into an industrial being, a piece of machinery whose chief standard of value is his material productivity. "Seek ye first the kind love of God," says our Saviour, "and all these things will be added unto you." "Seek ye first the mastery and accumulation of the material, and all these higher things are yours," retorts the spirit of the modern life. "Give the growing boy and girl the key to the best that has been thought and said and done in the world, and the power of self-expression by mastery of the 'three R's,' by introduction to the master minds and hearts of the race, by the training of the mind, the stimulation of the imagination, the storing of the memory, the enrichment of the feelings," dictates the wisdom of the generations. "Teach him the rather to raise corn and cotton, hogs and hominy," says the new spirit of the age.

We would not discredit the need for thought of material things, for recognizing and training the God-given faculties for the mastery of material environment. But is it not time to call a halt in this course of deification of material things and material fitness, to magnify for and before our children the possession and cultivation of their higher faculties, aptitudes, and aspirations? Our bodies, at their best, are intended to be but the servants of the achieving mind and living soul.—S. C. Advocate.

The Christmas celebration being over taxpaying is now in order.

McLAURIN'S SUCCESSOR CHOSEN.

Col. James Gordon Appointed Senator from Mississippi.

Jackson, Miss., December 27.—The appointment of Col. James Gordon, of Okolona, as United States Senator from Mississippi, to succeed the late Senator A. J. McLaurin, was announced by Governor Noel to-day.

The appointment is only until the Legislature can elect a Senator for the unexpired term and is made with the understanding that Senator Gordon will not be a candidate for this term.

The appointment was a surprise in political circles, as it was generally believed that the Governor would leave the office vacant until the Legislature takes up the question on January 11. While Senator Gordon may not serve more than two or three weeks, there is a strong probability of a legislative deadlock, owing to the large number of probable candidates. It is, therefore, not improbable that Mr. Gordon might serve a year or more. He is 76 years old, a native of Mississippi and served with distinction in the Confederate army. He has not been prominent in public life during the past twenty years.

Governor Noel announced that one of his principal motives in appointing Col. Gordon was a compliment to the soldiers of the Confederacy.

Fatal Shooting Affray.

Lancaster, Dec. 26.—Jesse C. Sowell was shot and killed here yesterday afternoon by A. C. Carnes. The shooting occurred at Heath company's stables. Sowell was shot in the left side between the fifth and sixth ribs just below the heart and died within half an hour of internal hemorrhage. Carnes was arrested just after the shooting and lodged in jail.

Particulars of the tragedy are hard to obtain. Those who are supposed to know anything about it being reluctant to talk.

One report is that the trouble began in a friendly tussle, terminating into a tragedy. Carnes, it is understood, claims that Sowell was choking him when he fired the fatal shot. A search of Sowell's person by Sheriff Hunter revealed the presence of no weapon.

Sowell, who was a man of remarkably fine physique, was 43 years old and leaves a family. He was engaged in business in Columbia a few years ago. Carnes is a young man and unmarried. He and Sowell are said to have been good friends.

Coroner King held an inquest last evening over Sowell's body. Four witnesses were examined: Dr. R. C. Brown, who attended the wounded man, J. C. Elliott, manager of the Heath-Elliott company's stables where the killing occurred, Chas. King, a policeman, and Marsh Aldrich, a colored stable boy.

The verdict of the jury was that "J. C. Sowell came to his death by a gunshot wound in the hands of A. C. Carnes."

The burial of Mr. Sowell took place this afternoon at 4 o'clock in West Side cemetery.

A Silver Rule.

You all know the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would wish for them to do unto you." Here is a rule which is almost a part of the Golden Rule, but which we will put by itself, and because of its value, call it the "Silver Rule." "Think and say all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and keep quiet concerning their bad qualities." You cannot conceive how much such a course will brighten your own happiness, and raise you in the esteem of the community in which you live. Did you ever think any more of a boy or girl because he or she found fault with others? Never call your schoolmates cross or ugly. If they are such it does not make them any better to talk or think about it while it makes you love to dwell upon the faults of others and you become like the foul bird that prefers carrion for food. Rather tell all the good you can, and try to think of some good quality.

How He Did It.

Mrs. Russell Sage taught school in her youth in Philadelphia, and a Philadelphia woman, who was once her pupil, said the other day:

"She had a way of hammering home an idea with an apt anecdote that we girls enjoyed hugely.

"One day, in impressing on us the importance of perseverance, she said that she knew of a little boy who was a remarkably fine skater.

"She watched the youngster one winter afternoon do the front and back roll, the grapevine, the glide, and other feats, and finally, overcome with enthusiasm, she patted him on the back and said:

"How on earth, at your age, did you learn to skate so magnificently?"

"By getting up every time I fell down," was the boy's simple answer."